



No. 28  
APRIL

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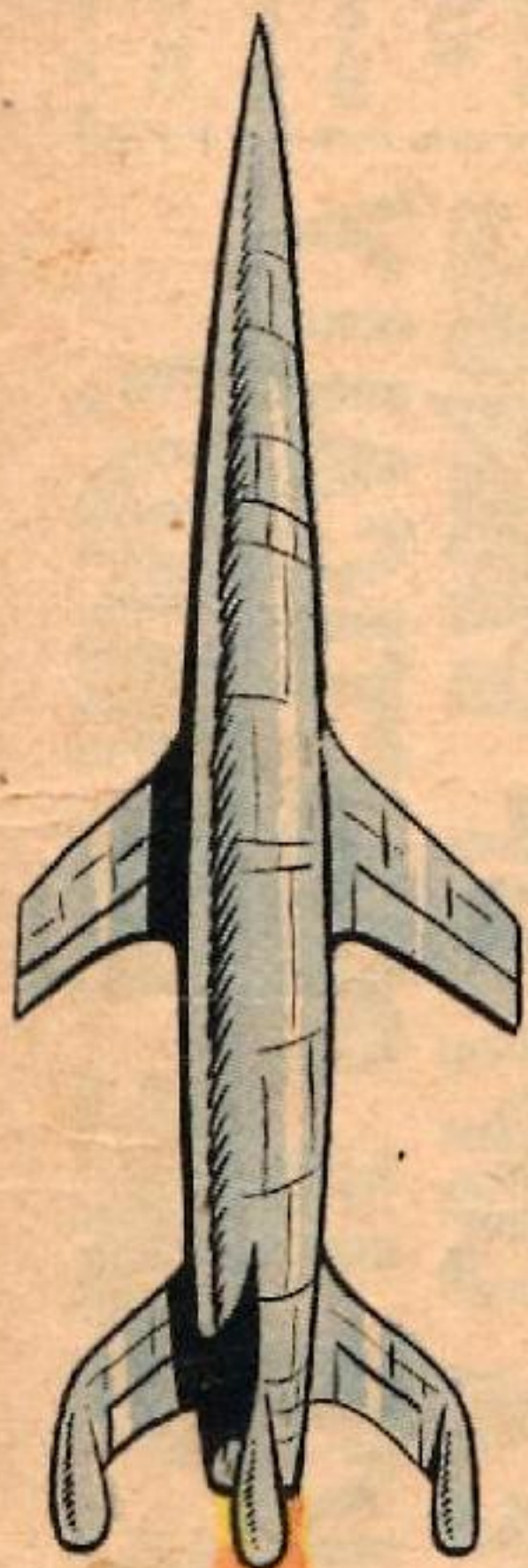


# WEIRD



10¢

# SCIENCE-FANTASY



ELDS LEIN





**IT'S TRUE I BOUGHT THE  
LAST MAD ON THE NEWS-  
STAND, BUT THEY STILL  
HAVE A COPY OF PANIC  
WHICH IS PRACTICALLY  
THE SAME AS MAD!**

HOWEVER, IF PANIC ISN'T AVAILABLE  
EITHER, WHY DON'T YOU SUBSCRIBE?  
SEND MONEY TO US:

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE ST.  
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME ONE OR BOTH MAGAZINES  
CHECKED BELOW FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE  
\$1.00 PER TITLE (FOR 8 ISSUES PER TITLE).

PANIC ☐ MAD ☐

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(PLEASE PRINT)





# LOST IN SPACE



IN THEIR LUXURIOUS SUMMER HOME AT THE EDGE OF THE VAST *MARE IMPRIUM* ON FAR-AWAY RED MARS, MYRA VAN DYKE SOBBED SOFTLY. SHE SAW ONLY A TEAR-DISTORTED VIEW OF THE UNEARTHLY BEAUTY SWEEPING BEYOND THEIR VERANDA...THE COPPERY SANDS...THE GOLDEN-TINTED DISTANT MOUNTAINS...THE BLuish-GREEN DESERT PLANTS AND THEIR BRASSY BLOOMS... THE SMALL TWIN MOONS, PHOBOS AND DEIMOS, DANCING SWIFTLY ACROSS THE AZURE-VIOLET SKY. FOR MYRA'S HEART WAS NOT ON MARS, AMONG THE EXOTIC WONDERS OF THE RED PLANET. AND AGAIN, SHE SOBBED OUT HER SAME PLEA...THE PLEA SHE'D MADE OVER AND OVER FOR THE PAST MONTHS...LIKE A BROKEN RECORD... A HEARTBROKEN RECORD...

I WANT TO GO BACK TO *EARTH*... SOB... TO *JIM*! PLEASE, DADDY... SOB... *TAKE ME BACK*... TAKE ME BACK *HOME*... TO *JIM*... MY *JIM*...

BUT MYRA'S FATHER'S ANSWER, TOO, WAS LIKE A WORN OLD RECORD...REPLAYED A HUNDRED TIMES TO HER PLEA...UNCHANGEBLY FIRM... STERNLY GENTLE...PATIENT...

YOU *CAN'T*, MY DEAR. YOU JUST *CAN'T* GO BACK TO *EARTH*...TO *JIM*. *FORGET HIM*! YOU *MUST*! FOR YOUR *OWN GOOD*! DON'T YOU *UNDERSTAND*?

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, DADDY? I *LOVE* *JIM*! EVER SINCE I *MET* HIM, BEFORE OUR TRIP HERE THREE MONTHS AGO, I'VE *LOVED* HIM. WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO *KEEP US APART*?

MYRA, I'M *NOT*... ER... I'M NOT TRYING TO KEEP YOU APART! IT'S JUST THAT *JIM*...





IN MYRA'S EYES HER FATHER'S OWN GUILTY HESITATION GAVE HIM AWAY. IT WAS THE SAME OLD STORY...

JIM IS *UNWORTHY* OF ME, MYRA... ISN'T HE, DADDY? A *COMMON FACTORY WORKER*... NOT LISTED IN THE *INTERPLANETARY WHO'S WHO!* THAT'S YOUR *OBJECTION*, ISN'T IT? HE'S A... A *NOBODY!*

PLEASE! THAT'S NOT IT...



THAT'S WHY YOU'VE PUT 55 MILLION MILES BETWEEN US... HOPING I'D *FORGET* HIM. YOU'RE *BIGOTED... PREJUDICED...* A *SOCIAL SNOB*. I *DESPISE* YOU FOR IT, DADDY... AND I'LL *KEEP ON LOVING JIM... FOREVER...* NO MATTER *WHAT* YOU SAY! OH, JIM... SOB... *JIM...*



MARTIN VAN DYKE WINCED AT HIS DAUGHTER'S SAVAGE LOVESICK ON-SLAUGHT. AS ALWAYS, HE TRIED TO PLACATE...

MYRA, YOU... YOU HAVE ME ALL *WRONG!* IF YOU'D ONLY *REALIZE!* IF I COULD ONLY *EXPLAIN...*

GO AHEAD, DADDY! *EXPLAIN* HOW OUR NOBLE FAMILY LINE MUST NOT BE *SOILED* OR *DEGRADED* OR *DISGRACED!* GO AHEAD! *EXPLAIN* IT...



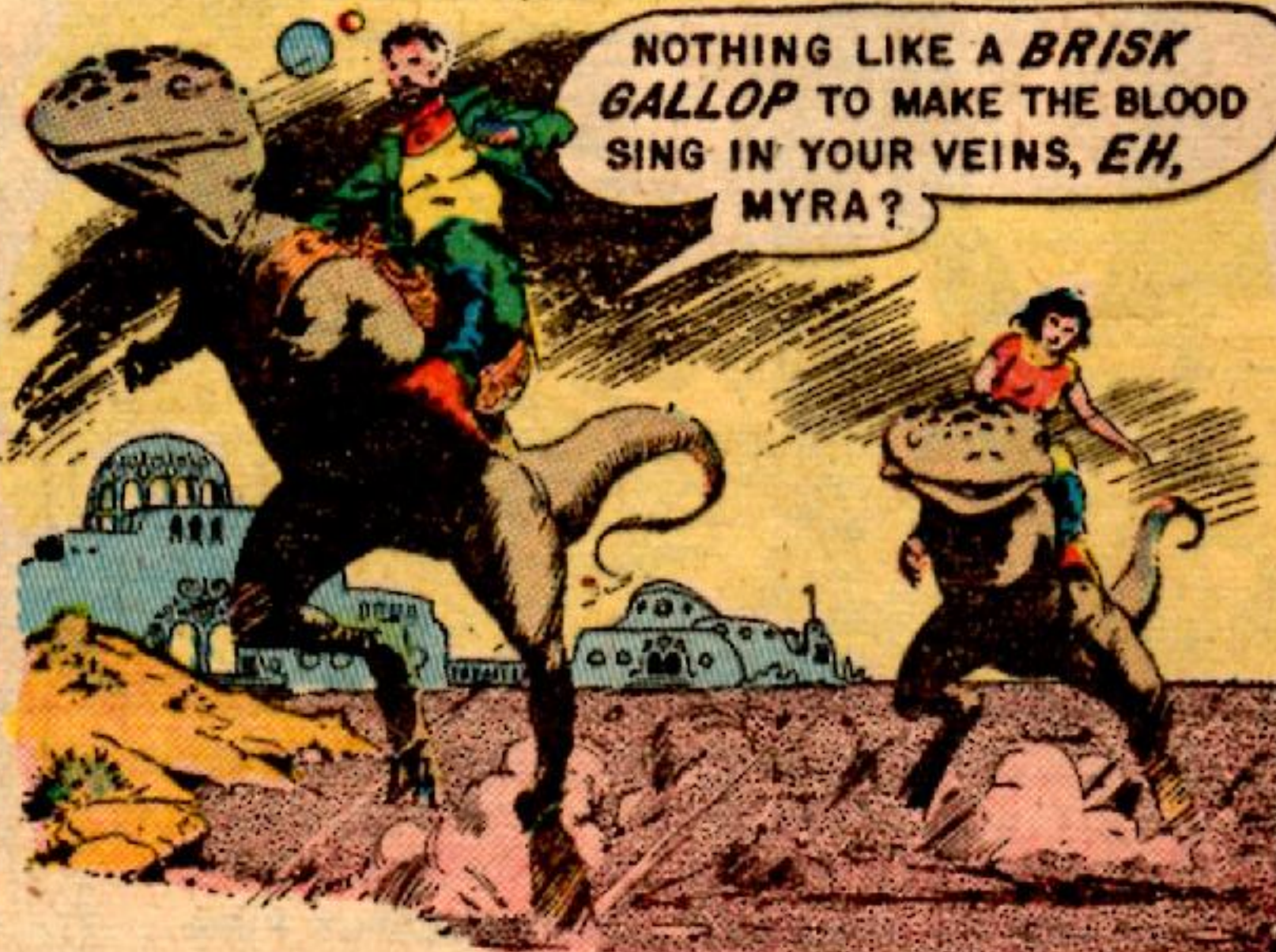
AND AS ALWAYS, HE FELL SILENT. A STRANGE PITY SHONE FROM HIS EYES, AS IF HIS DAUGHTER WERE A CHILD WHO COULD NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS BEST FOR HER. THEN, THE LAMENTING BROKEN RECORD WOULD RESUME AGAIN...

TAKE ME TO *EARTH...* TO MY *JIM... PLEASE, DADDY... SOB... PLEASE...*

I... I *CAN'T*, DEAR! *FORGET HIM! FORGET!* COME, NOW. IT'S TIME FOR OUR *MORNING RIDE...*

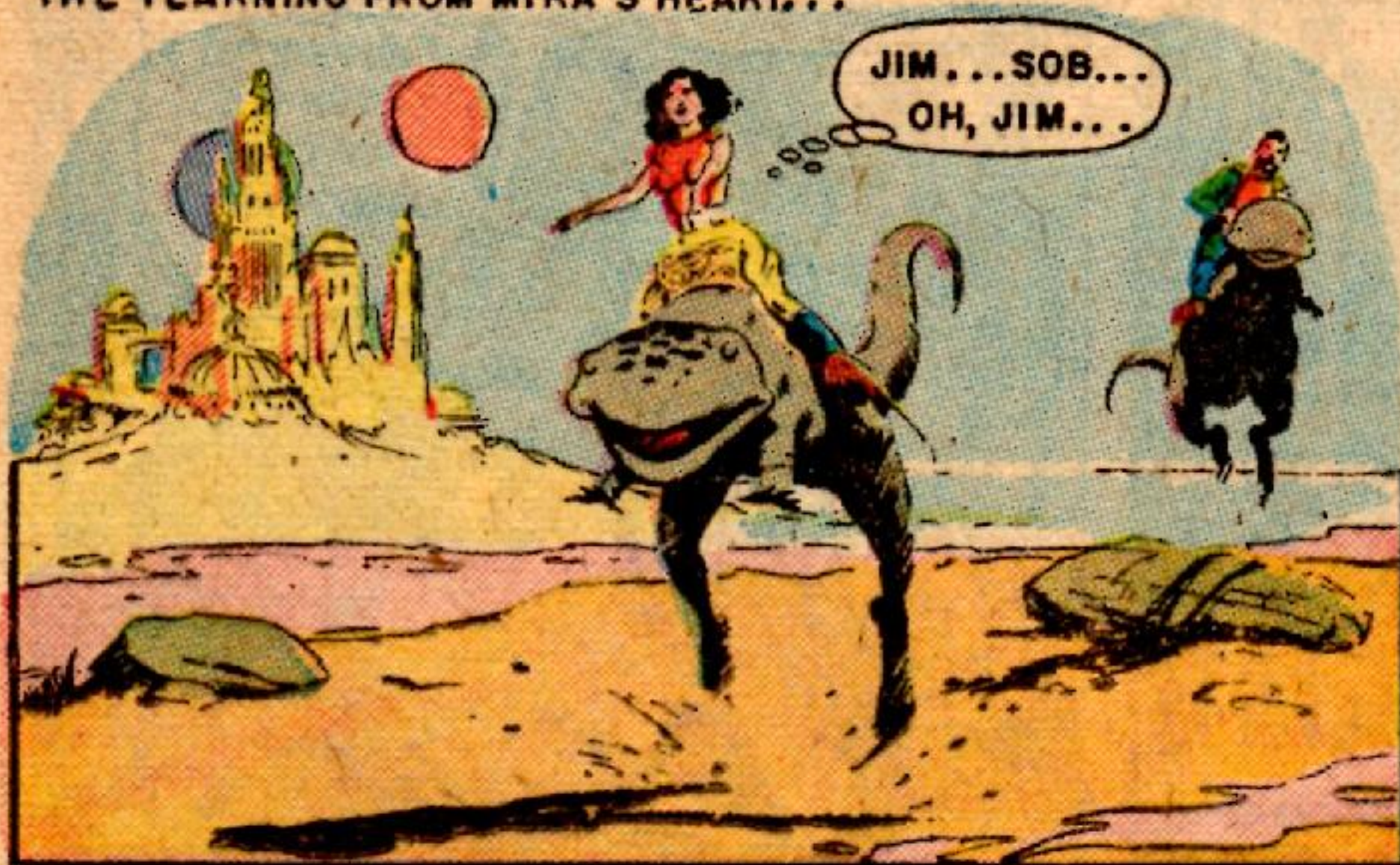


THE 'MORNING RIDE' WAS JUST ONE OF MARTIN VAN DYKE'S TRICKS TO FILL HIS DAUGHTER'S TIME... TO HELP CRAM HER DAYS WITH ACTIVITIES... TO OCCUPY HER MIND SO SHE WOULD NOT THINK OR DREAM...



NOTHING LIKE A *BRISK GALLOP* TO MAKE THE BLOOD SING IN YOUR VEINS, EH, MYRA?

BUT EVEN THE THRILLING LEAP-FROGGING OF THE MARTIAN SESTAURS, IN THE ONE-THIRD OF EARTH'S GRAVITY, FAILED TO JOG THE YEARNING FROM MYRA'S HEART...



JIM... SOB... OH, JIM...

AND EVEN THE COOLING SWIMS IN THE MARTIAN CANALS COULD NOT COOL HER LONGING...



JIM...



EVEN THE EXPLORATIONS THROUGH THE LONG-DEAD CITIES COULD NOT MAKE HER FORGET...



NO TRIP TO *EARTH* AGAIN *THIS MONTH* TO CHECK YOUR *URANIUM MINES*, DADDY? YOU'RE EVEN *NEGLECTING YOUR BUSINESS* IN ORDER TO *KEEP ME FROM JIM!*

MYRA, IT'S *NOT* THAT *AT ALL!* I...I'M JUST DEVOTING MY *FULL TIME* TO YOU... AS A *DUTIFUL FATHER SHOULD!*

MYRA HATED THE NIGHT HAZES OF MARS...BORN OUT OF THE CRUCIBLES OF HOT DESERTS AND ABYSMAL TEMPERATURES...THAT SO OFTEN OBSCURED THE STARRY VAULTS AND DENIED HER EVEN ONE LAST CRUMB OF CONSOLATION...

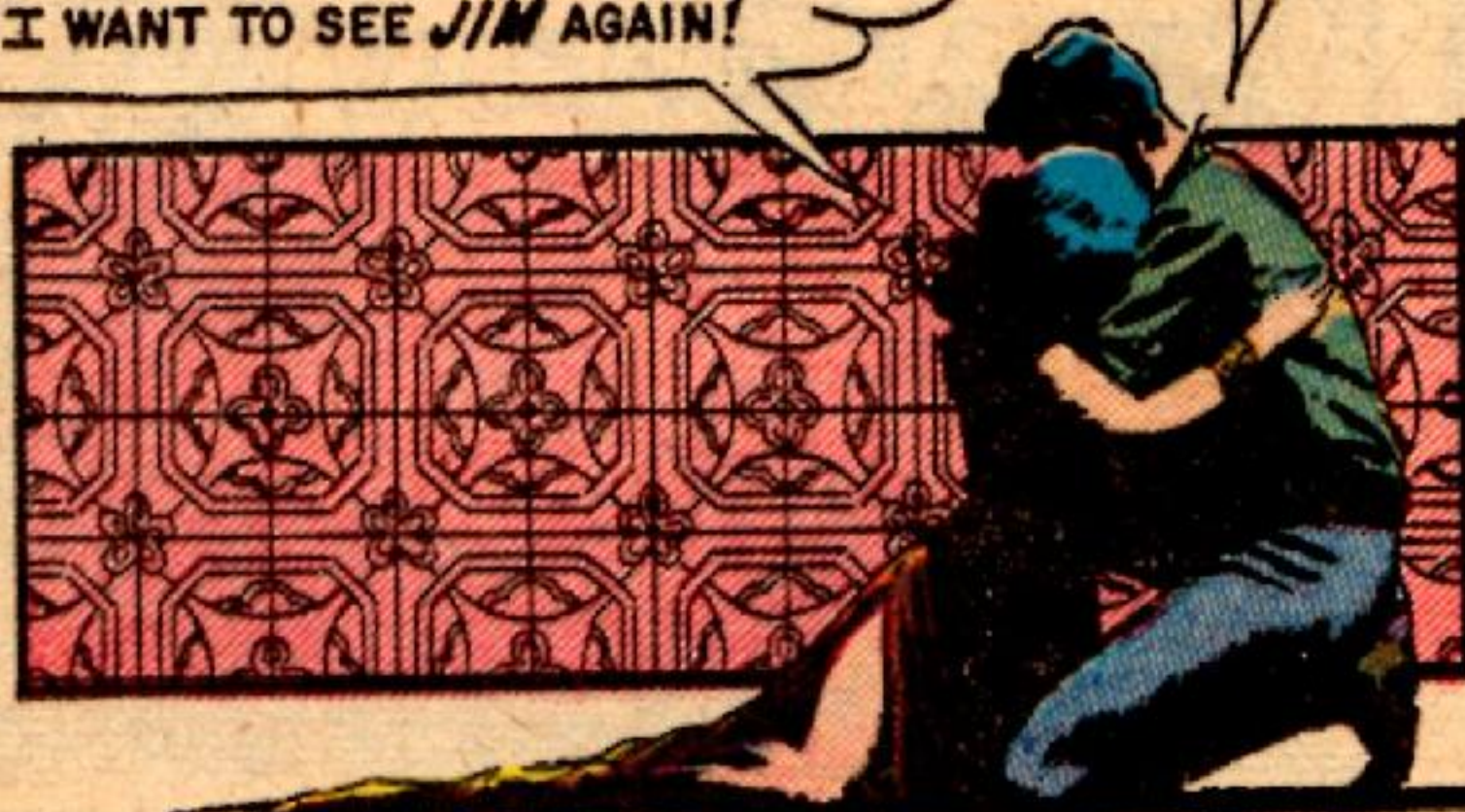


EVEN... SOB... EVEN THE *ELEMENTS* CONSPIRE AGAINST ME! I CAN'T EVEN GET A *GLIMPSE* OF *EARTH*...WHERE MY *JIM* IS... SOB..

SHE HATED SLEEP EVEN MORE BECAUSE OF THAT NIGHTMARISH TERROR THAT WOULD SO OFTEN BRUSH HER MIND AND AWAKEN HER, SCREAMING, NEEDING HER FATHER'S STRONG, SOOTHING ARMS TO COMFORT HER...

NO! NO! OH, *GOD!* THAT *AWFUL DREAM* AGAIN! DADDY, *HELP ME!* IT *IS* A DREAM *ISN'T IT?* TAKE ME HOME TO *EARTH*...SOB...*PLEASE!* I WANT TO SEE *JIM* AGAIN!

POOR CHILD! YOU'RE *NERVOUS...TORMENTED...SICK...*



...*NEUROTIC!* YOU FORGOT THAT *ONE...DR. PETERS'* FINAL ANALYSIS...THE ONE YOU *PAID* HIM TO MAKE! WELL, I *MAY BE* *NEUROTIC* AND I *MAY BE* *SICK!* THE *ONLY CURE* IS TO TAKE ME *BACK* TO *JIM*...

*SHHH,* DARLING..*SLEEP... REST!* TOMORROW, WE'RE OFF TO *CALLISTRO* ON OUR *HUNTING TRIP*...



THE NEXT DAY THEY LEFT FOR THEIR HUNTING TRIP AT CALLISTRO ON JUPITER. THEIR SPACE YACHT FLAMED PAST THE ASTEROID BELT... A HUNDRED THOUSAND GIANT FIREFLIES SCREAMING AROUND THEM...A SIGHT TO BEHOLD, IF ONE HAS DRY EYES...

...BEYOND THE WHIRLING BEEHIVE OF ASTEROIDS TO THE UNFORGETTABLE SPECTACLE OF THE MIGHTY BELTED PLANET AND ITS DOZEN SLAVE MOONS...



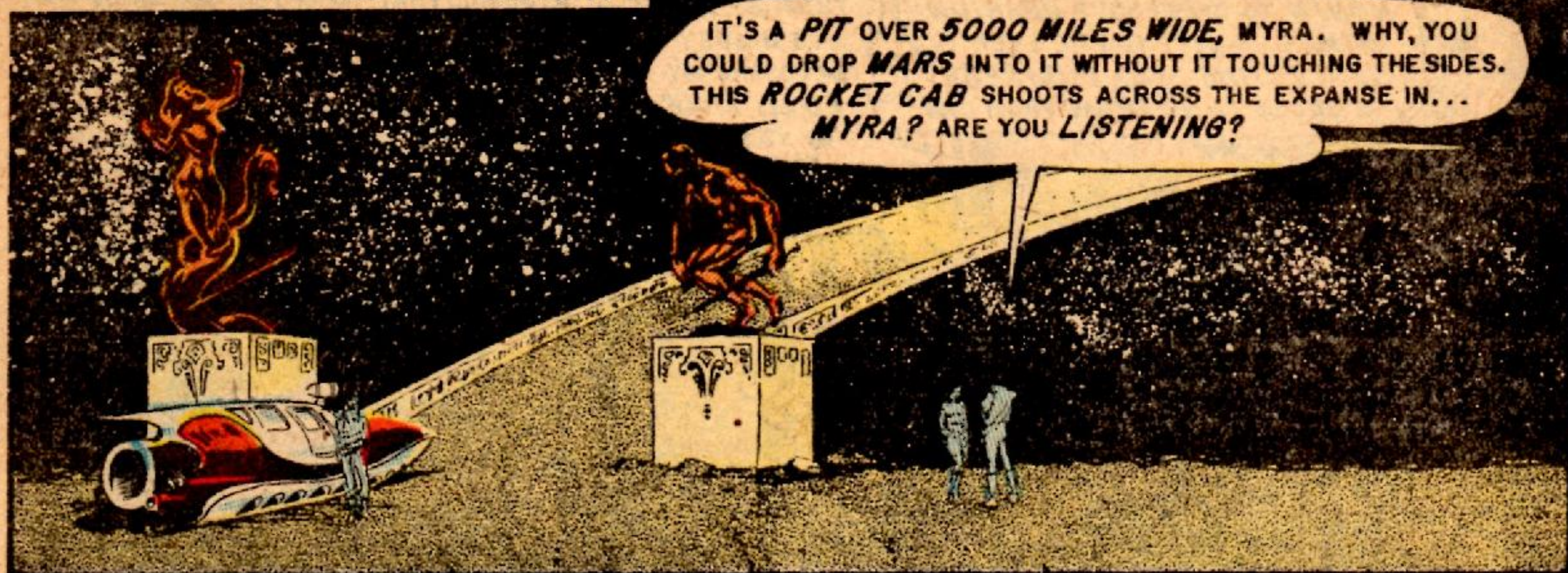
OH, *JIM*... SOB... *JIM!* ANOTHER EIGHTY MILLION MILES *FURTHER* FROM YOU...



THERE IT *IS*, MYRA! *JUPITER*...  
SOB...



BUT IT WAS ALL ASHES TO MYRA... THIS TRIP SO CAREFULLY PLANNED BY HER FATHER. IT MEANT NOTHING... NOT EVEN THE BREATHTAKING SUSPENSION BRIDGE THAT HUNG BY ANTI-GRAVS, SPANNING THE GASPING, VAPOROUS DEPTHS OF JUPITER'S 'RED SPOT' CANYON...



IT'S A *PIT* OVER 5000 MILES WIDE, MYRA. WHY, YOU COULD DROP *MARS* INTO IT WITHOUT IT TOUCHING THE SIDES. THIS *ROCKET CAB* SHOOTS ACROSS THE EXPANSE IN...  
MYRA? ARE YOU *LISTENING*?

...NOR THE SAIL ACROSS THE BITTER AMMONIA SEA... A CRYSTALLINE FAIRYLAND OF PRISMATIC HUES AND RAINBOW SPANGLING BRIGHTER THAN A DOZEN EARTHLY AURORAS...

CALLISTRO, JUPITER... ON THE SHORE OF THE AMMONIA SEA... THE UTOPIA OF THE BIG GAME HUNTER. BEYOND ITS ALLOY TOWERS AND PLASTIC DOMES, IN THE FORMALDEHYDE-FOGGED JUNGLES, CREATURES OF A MACABRE EVOLUTION... ENOUGH TO DRIVE A DARWIN MAD... LURKED, WAITING...



THERE'S *CALLISTRO*, MYRA. SOON WE'LL BE *STALKING GAME* IN THE... MYRA?

SOBBB...



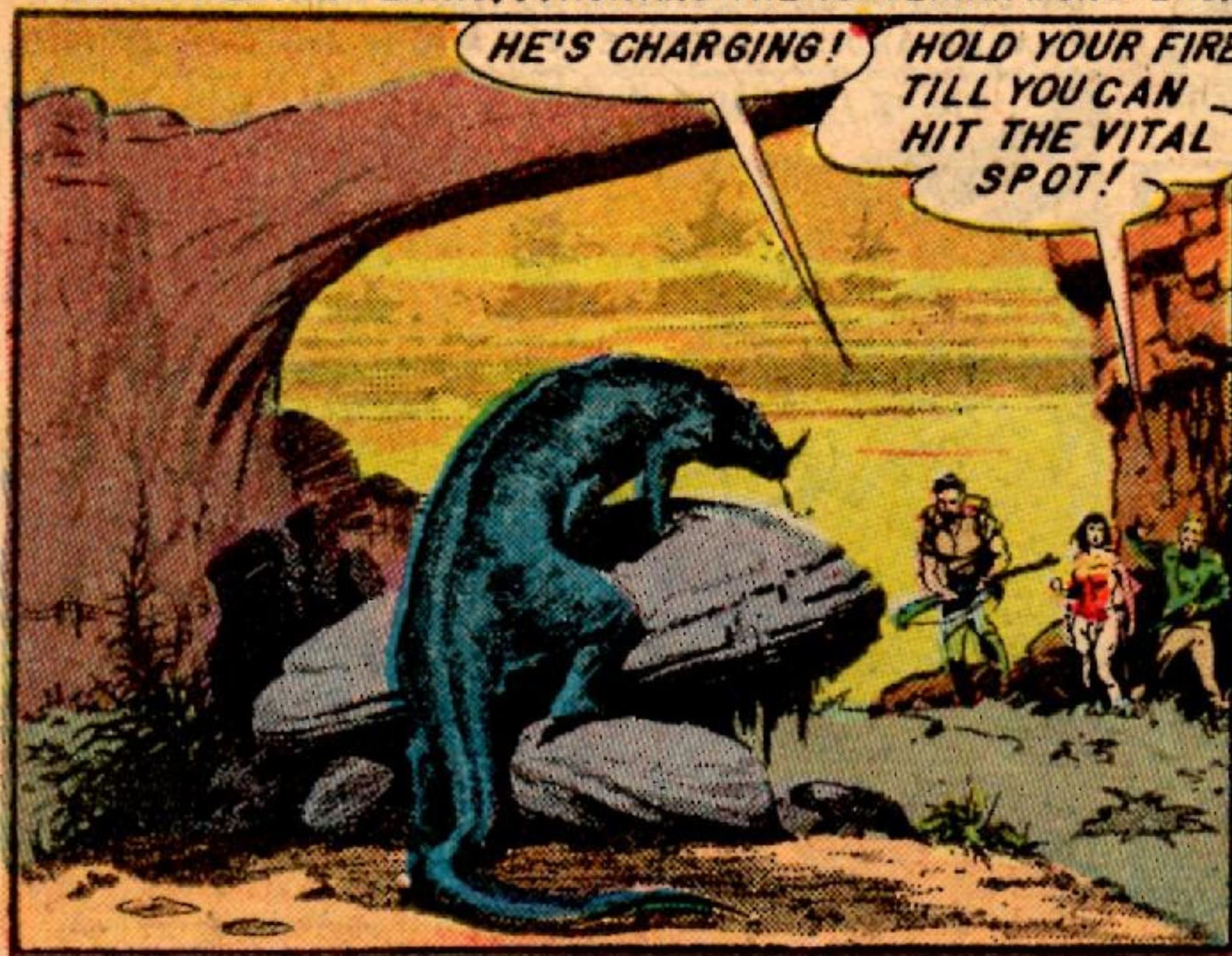
ALL RIGHT! LET'S GET STARTED!

READY, MYRA? MYRA...?

SOBB...

THEY PLODED THROUGH THE JUPITERIAN JUNGLES... CROSSED THE JUPITERIAN PLAINS... HUNTING THE JUPITERIAN MONSTERS...

... BUT THE ACTION AND ADVENTURE DID NOT FILL THE VOID IN MYRA'S HEART...



HE'S CHARGING!

HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL YOU CAN HIT THE VITAL SPOT!

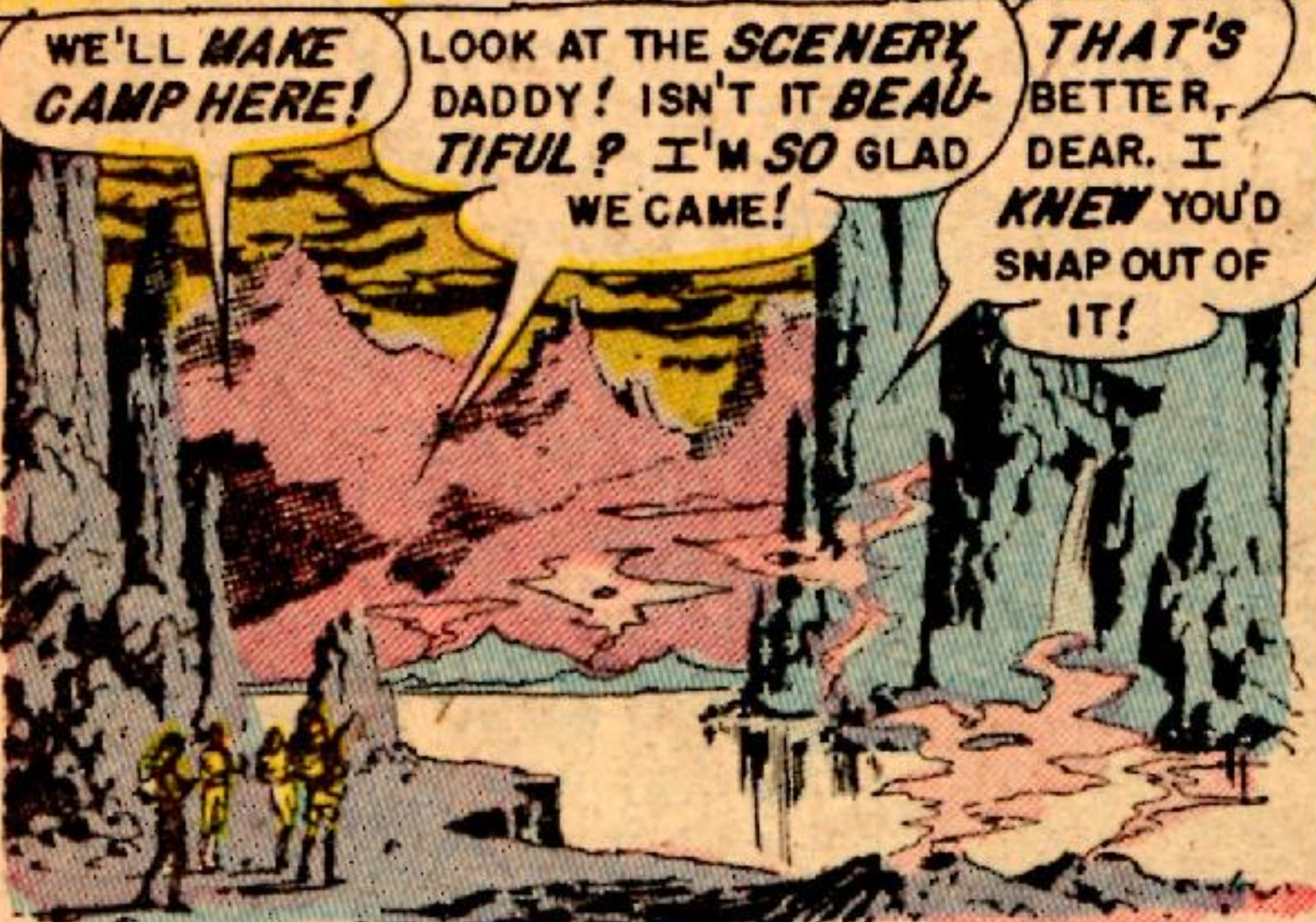
WHAT A *TROPHY* FOR OUR DEN WALL, EH, MYRA?

JIM... JIM...





AND THEN A CHANGE SEEMED TO COME OVER MYRA. HER FACE BRIGHTENED AND THE SADNESS LEFT HER EYES. SHE TOOK A SUDDEN INTEREST IN THE JUPITERIAN SAFARI. . .



BUT MYRA HAD ONLY TURNED CUNNING...PRETENDING...PUTTING HER PARENTAL JAILER OFF GUARD. WHEN THEY RETURNED TO CALLISTRO AT THE HUNT'S END, MYRA SLIPPED FROM HER HOTEL ROOM. . .



SHE CHARTERED A ROCKET-BOAT TO SKIM HER BACK ACROSS JUPITER'S AMMONIA SEA. . .



... SPED ACROSS THE RED SPOT BRIDGE...



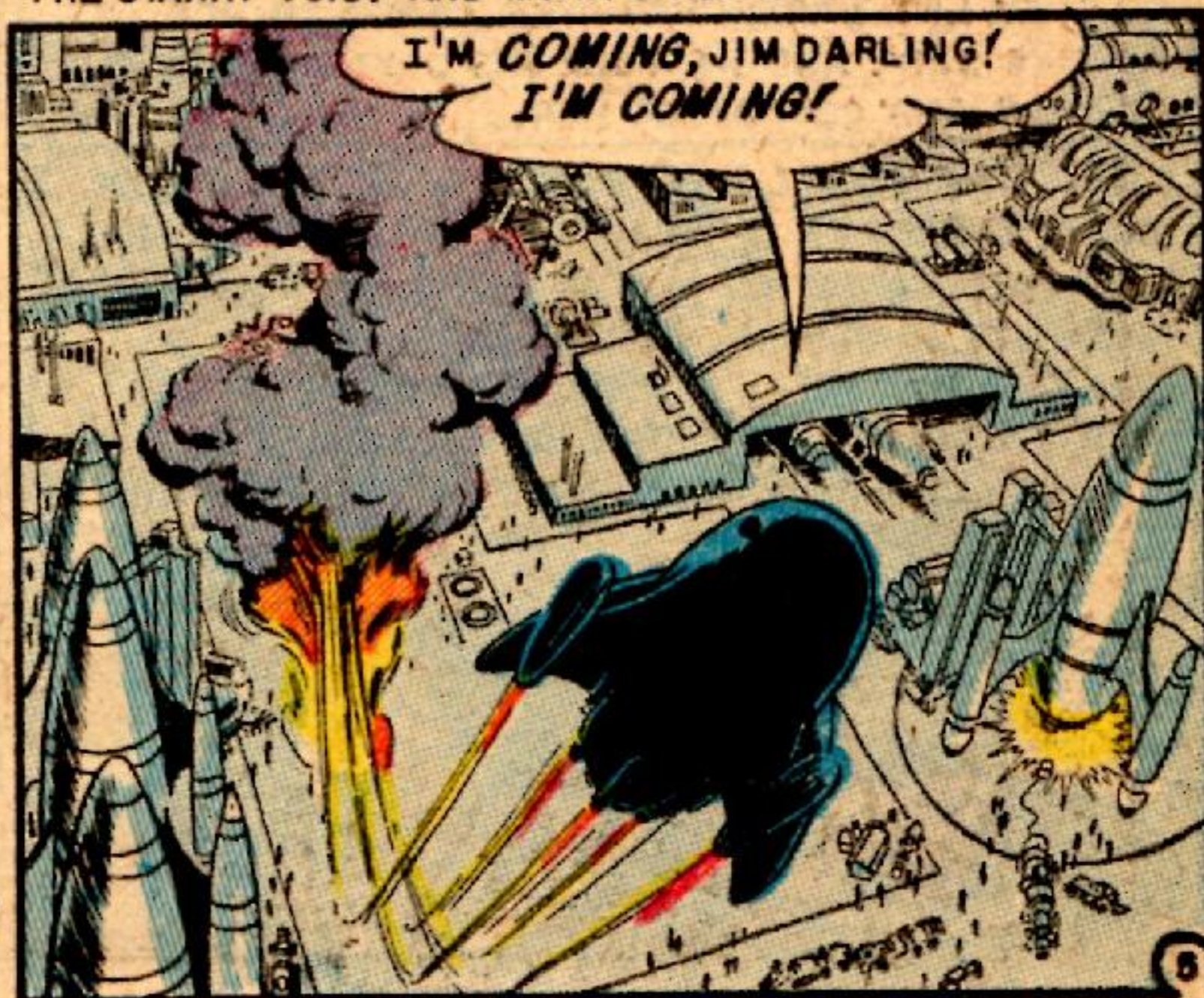
... AND ARRIVED AT JUPITER'S SPACEPORT AT DAWN...



MYRA HAD NO PERMIT TO FLY A FAST SPACE CRUISER, BUT, AS ALWAYS, MONEY TALKED. IN AN HOUR, THE TRIM CRAFT WAS READY...



THE CRUISER LEAPED AT MYRA'S TOUCH, SINGING INTO THE STARRY VOID. AND MYRA'S HEART SANG WITH IT. . .



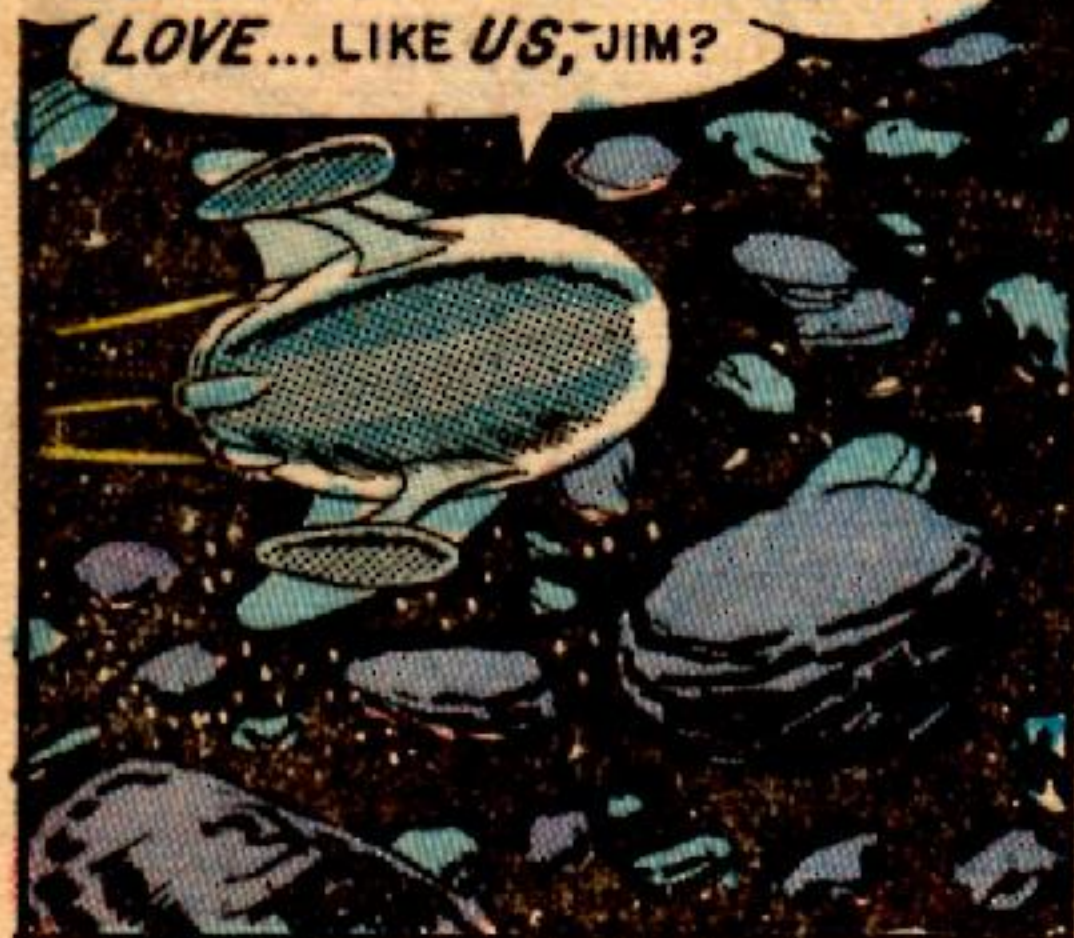


JUPITER FADED AWAY INTO A PIN-POINT OF LIGHT AND THE ASTEROID BELT CAME UP, A MYRIAD OF HURTLING WANDERERS IN LONELY SPACE...

AND THEN RUBY-RED MARS APPEARED AND SLIPPED AWAY, UNTIL IT GLOWED LIKE A DROP OF GLITTERING BLOOD...

HALF-WAY SPACE-PORT...THE MAN-MADE PLANET BETWEEN MARS AND GREEN EARTH...SWEEPED BY, AND MYRA'S SPACE RADIO CRACKLED...

HOW CAN FATHERS BE SO *BIGOTED*... SO *CRUEL*... PUTTING *FALSE BARRIERS OF BLOOD AND GLASS* BETWEEN *PEOPLE IN LOVE*... LIKE *US*, JIM?



OH, DARLING. AS SOON AS I *FIND* YOU, WE'LL BE *MARRIED* AND THEN IT WILL BE *TOO LATE* FOR FATHER TO DO ANYTHING! *TOO LATE!*



*REVERSE COURSE!* DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S *OFF LIMITS* AHEAD! THE *METEORS*...

I *WON'T LISTEN!* *NOTHING* CAN STOP ME *NOW!*



BUT THEN, ONLY A VAST, BLACK, EMPTY VOID LAY AHEAD. MYRA PEERED INTO THE VISA-SCOPE...SEARCHING...SEARCHING...

WHERE IS *EARTH*? I SHOULD *SEE* IT BY NOW, A *SHINING EMERALD*...A *BRILLIANT LANTERN*... *PALING* THE *OTHER STARS*. WHERE IS IT?



MYRA'S CRUISER HURTTLED ON AND ON...PAST SCREAMING METEORS AND BLAZING COMETS. AND STILL THERE WAS NO SIGN OF EARTH. SHE CHECKED THE COURSE-CONTROL MECHANISM. SHE PEERED AGAIN AND AGAIN INTO THE VISA-SCOPE. AND THEN THE REALIZATION DAWNED UPON HER...

I MUST HAVE *MISSED* EARTH! SOMETHING WENT *WRONG!* AND I *CAN'T* WORK OUT A *SPACE-COURSE* MYSELF! I'M *LOST!* OH, LORD, I'M *LOST* IN SPACE!

*EEEEAAAAAHHHHH...*



HE FOUND MYRA THAT WAY, HOURS LATER, STILL SCREAMING, WHEN THE POLICE CRUISER CAUGHT UP AND THEY LET MARTIN VAN DYKE CROSS TO HER DRIFTING SHIP. AND HE TOOK HIS CRYING CHILD IN HIS ARMS AND COMFORTED HER...

NOW...SOB...YOU'LL *TAKE ME AWAY AGAIN*...BECAUSE YOU *HATE* JIM...AND YOU *WON'T* LET ME *BE* WITH HIM!

BABY! *BABY!* I *LOVED* JIM! HE WAS A *FINE* BOY. I *NEVER* WOULD HAVE *STOOD* IN YOUR WAY. I *WANTED* YOU TO *MARRY* HIM! *WON'T* YOU *FACE* IT, MYRA? *WON'T* YOU *FACE* THE *TRUTH?*



OH, MYRA, YOU MUST *FACE* IT... *FACE* IT *NOW* OR YOU'LL *NEVER* BE WELL AGAIN! *EARTH IS GONE! DESTROYED!* WE *TOLD* YOU! IT HAPPENED *AFTER* WE'D *LEFT* FOR *MARS*. THE *COMET*... *ROARING* OUT OF *SPACE*...*NO WARNING!* *JIM IS DEAD!* THE *WHOLE POPULATION* ON *EARTH* IS *DEAD!* MYRA, *LISTEN* TO ME! MYRA...

I WANT TO GO *BACK* TO *EARTH*... *SOB*...TO *JIM!* *PLEASE, DADDY...* *SOB*...*TAKE ME BACK!* *TAKE ME BACK* HOME TO *JIM*...MY *JIM!*



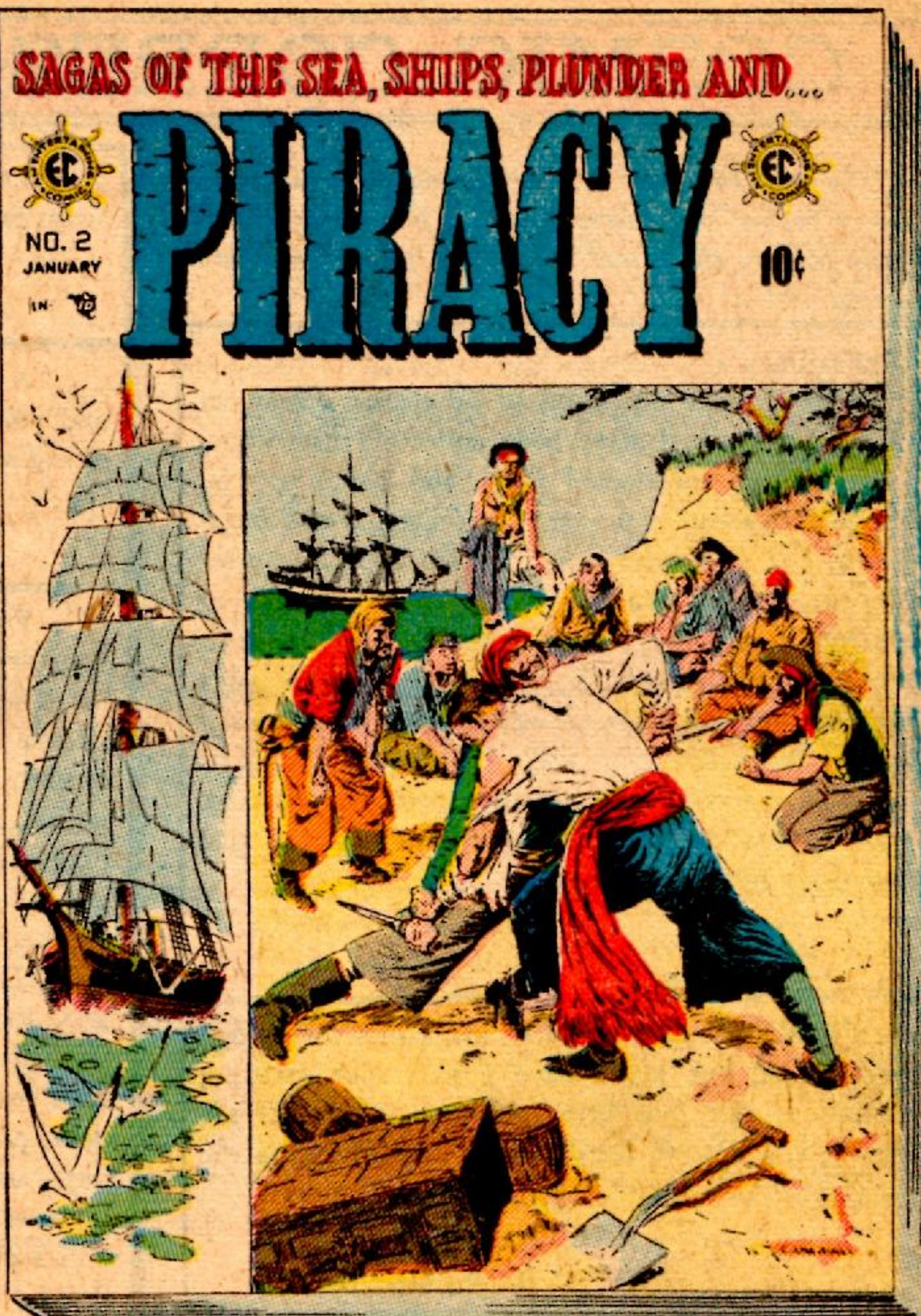
THE RECORD BEGAN AGAIN...AUTOMATIC...REPEATING...MECHANICAL...DROWNING OUT, FOR ITS PLAYER, THE PAINFUL TRUTH!

**- THE END -**



**WE KNOW  
YOU'LL ENJOY  
THE LUSTY,  
SWASHBUCKLING  
ADVENTURES  
IN OUR NEW  
SEAGOING MAG!  
"PIRACY" IS  
A TREASURE  
CHEST OF SALTY  
SEA YARNS**

**PRESENTED IN THE E.C. TRADITION!**



SO SAIL DOWN TO YOUR  
LOCAL NEWSSTAND, MATES...  
DO A LITTLE EXPLORING  
THROUGH THE REST OF THE  
BILGE... AND COMMANDEER  
YOUR COPY. IF YOU'RE NOT  
THE OUTDOOR TYPE AND  
WOULD RATHER IMPORT  
"PIRACY", YOU CAN  
SUBSCRIBE! JUST FILL OUT  
THE COUPON AND SHIP  
OFF, TOGETHER WITH ONE  
HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT  
(THAT'S ONE BUCK,  
LANDLUBBERS!) TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF  
PIRACY  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, YOU FO'C'SLE RATS! I'M  
SHANGHAIED! HERE'S \$1.00 FOR THE NEXT  
EIGHT ISSUES OF PIRACY!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE  
NO. \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_